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The Intelligencer.

NOTHING BUT SNOWDROPS

BY MARY K. HADLEY.

"In the presence of your son,"

"Writes my friend to me today,"

"I am dumb; for I know

What you mean when you say

I have not a word to say."

"But in proof of sympathy,

Take these snowdrops that I send;

Let their tender beauty be

Mainly eloquent or use,

Dear and sorrow-stricken friend."

Sometimes, just to have one's mood

Unconsciously relieved;

Simply to be understood

In one's sorrow is a good

That words to action give."

And of all the words well meant

To console my aching heart,

Through many a winter's day

With its lack of kind intent—

These words have comforted the heart—

These words "improving" is expressed

In a beautiful white flower,

As for one that has no words

Of a happy mother's breast.

In the happy, wintry hours:

Under shades of wintry gray

Was my little snowdrop blown;

But a lovely April day

Or the rose that late would own

For her very faintest color

Are but symbols incomplete

Of the perfect flower that is

Not a flower, but a soul.

Never was a flower so true

Yet so simple, and God knows why

Paints are rarely under so well

Heart and hand and eye and ear

Watched to see no sign of

Watched to see no sign of

Can I find it here, my friend,

In your snowdrop pure white?

Does the tender glow of

Tender meanings complete?

For the soul that reads aright?

Who shall teach me, then, to read

All the heart meanings clear?

God, you know? Well, indeed,

God seemed to lead my need

But an instinctive fear.

I have weaved him with cries

Of beseeching and of plea;

I have lifted up mine eyes

Blind with weeping to the skies.

I have weaved him with cries

I have weaved him with cries

And a stilling Heaven was near

When I lifted up mine eyes

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